

The Krypt

Craig Xen

Ayy

Creepin' up out of that cut

Burning my Newport down to the butt

Only 19 and I'm finna come up

I'ma break bread with the ones I love

Living out my dream with a team that's a must

Infinite militia the only ones I trust

Know it might seem like a nigga lit up

I ain't hit the weed or sipped lean in a month

Stressed but I'm blessed and I must confess, I got God living i
n my chest

I'ma go hard on the beat finess

I'ma put a broad and a nigga in check

Fiend for the green I'ma need my gwap

I'ma need my team while I creep to the top

Dropped on the scene when I pulled up to the lot

Hoes gonna scream when a niggas pass bond

Creepin' in the cut

Look

Going out of my mind, passing the time, running to get to the c
heck

Point? Infinite Militia don't settle for less we wrecking the g
ame and we leaving a mess

Eating these rappers and leaving the bones

All of my verses go on and on

Blowing my smoke up to the ozone

They cannot deny me the fact that I've grown

[?] released upon the beat

Kill these lames with honesty

And everybody wanna be the hottest nigga in the street

They ain't even got no heater, ever diss behind a name

Throw all the bullshit that they claim

An animal I can't be tamed